

DENNIS P. EICHHORN'S SOI-DISANT SEQUENTIALISTICISM

# REAL STUFF

MATURE READERS

NO.13 \$2.50 (\$2.95 IN CAN)

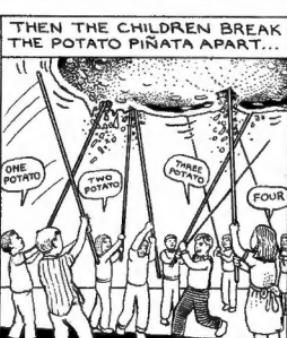
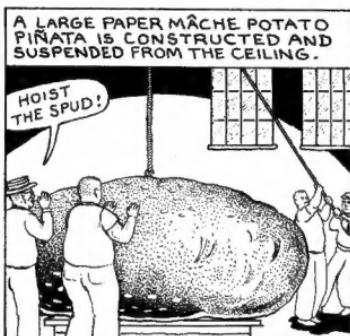


CAREL MOISEIWITSCH GERALD JABLONSKI HOWARD CHACKOWICZ JEFFREY DICKINSON  
J.R. WILLIAMS R.L. CRABB KENT MYERS CURT SHOUTZ ED BRUBAKER JEFF JOHNSON

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

# SAY A PRAYER FOR THE POMME DE TERRE

BY DENNIS P. EICHORN  
ART BY G. JABLONSKI

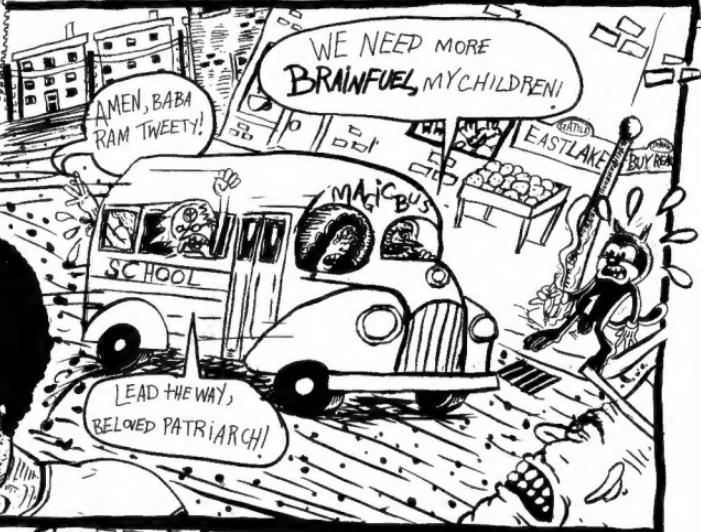
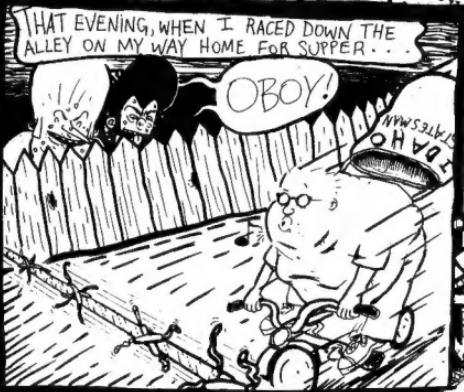


TO BE CONTINUED...

# BABA RAM TWEETY

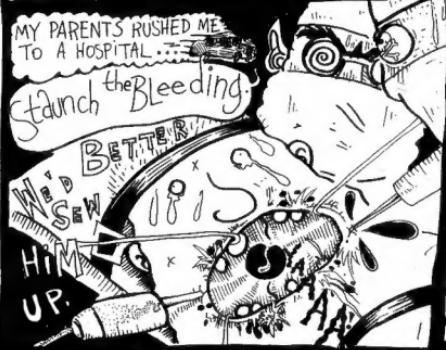
BY  
DENNIS  
"PAPA"  
EICHORN  
ARTWORK BY  
HOWARD  
CHACKOWICZ

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE KID, THE  
TWEETY BROTHERS LIVED NEARBY.



JACK AND JOHNNY TWEETY WERE TRUE 1950s JUVENILE DELINQUENTS! ONE AFTERNOON THEY STRUNG SOME BARBED WIRE ACROSS THE ALLEY NEAR MY HOUSE, ABOUT FOUR FEET OFF THE GROUND...





TEN YEARS AFTER, I WAS HAVING A BEER IN A BOISE TAVERN WHEN A NEWS BROADCAST CAUGHT MY EYE.

AND TODAY THE SAD NEWS THAT ONE OF OUR LOCAL BOISEANS HAS PASSED AWAY.

ORE-IDA POTATOES

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS JACKSON D. TWEETY DIED TODAY.

WHEN HIS PARACHUTE FAILED TO OPEN DURING A TRAINING EXERCISE AT FORT LEWIS, WASHINGTON.

I DON'T THINK THE BRONCOS...  
HEY, BARTENDER, TURN THAT T.V. UP, WILLYA?

SURE.

I KNOW THAT GUY!

YEAH.

TOO BAD.

PRIVATE TWEETY IS SURVIVED BY HIS PARENTS, JAMES AND BETTY TWEETY, AND BY HIS YOUNGER BROTHER, JOHN TWEETY, ALL RESIDENTS OF BOISE.

BARTENDER... DRINKS ARE ON ME! A ROUND FOR EVERYBODY IN THE HOUSE... AND POUR ONE FOR YOURSELF!

AND I KNOW THAT GUY  
TOOK THE ONE WITH  
THE LONG HAIR.

UM?

SURE  
THING!

OUR HEARTS  
GO OUT TO THE  
TWEETY FAMILY  
IN THIS, THEIR  
TIME OF SORROW.

ANOTHER FIVE YEARS WENT BY. I WAS IN SEATTLE, BUYING A SHEET OF BLOTTER ACID FROM A DEALER, WHEN...

HOW MANY UNITS DO YOU HAVE ON HAND?

QUITE A FEW... WAIT, HEAR THAT?

HONK! HONK!

IN PLASTIC WRAP

WHAT'S THIS?

IT'S THE BABA RAM TWEETY CULT... THEY'RE SOME OF MY BEST CUSTOMERS.

FOLLOW ME, MY CHILDREN... WE MUST REPLENISH OUR SUPPLY OF SACRED BRAIN FUEL!

LET US MAKE IT SO

WE HEAR AND OBEY

MAGIC BUS



PLEASE... COME IN AND MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE

COOL

GROOVY

THANK YOU, BROTHER.

THERE... THEY CAN CONCENTRATE ON THE COSMIC ONENESS WHILE WE TAKE CARE OF BUSINESS.

OMMM... OM

ALL RIGHT.

HOW MUCH DO YOU HAVE?

FORTY SHEETS LIKE THIS

HOW MUCH PER SHEET?

IF YOU TAKE 'EM ALL, SEVENTY-FIVE EACH.

SO... A TOTAL OF THREE GRAND?

RIGHT.

OMMM

HERE, MY CHILDREN... THE MANNA OF THE GODS.

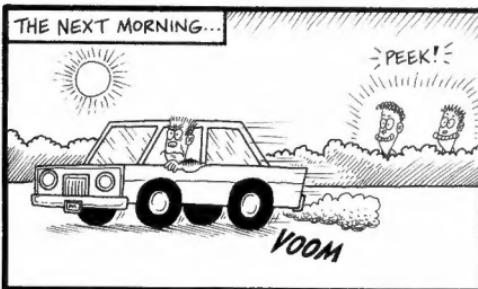
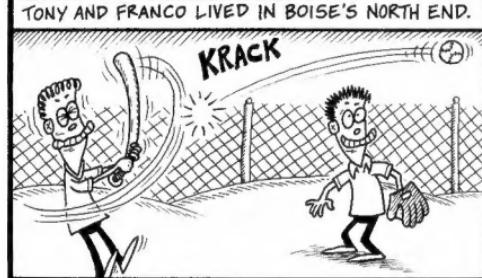
B.R.T.



# Clarence.

TONY AND FRANCO LIVED IN BOISE'S NORTH END.

©'93 EICHHORN  
& J. WILLIAMS



THEY KEPT IT UP FOR YEARS. LATER, WHEN THEY MOVED ACROSS TOWN AND ENTERED HIGH SCHOOL, THEY PASSED CLARENCE'S PHONE NUMBER AROUND.

IF YOU WANT SOME LAUGHS, CALL THIS GUY UP & INSULT HIS WIFE! IT GETS HIS GOAT EVERY TIME.

WILL DO.

Clarence 623-2811

BEFORE LONG, DOZENS OF GOOFY TEENAGERS WERE CALLING CLARENCE REGULARLY. I DID IT A FEW TIMES MYSELF.

OH, NO... NOT AGAIN!!

Z

--YES???

WAKE UP, CLARENCE--TIME FOR THAT UGLY WIFE OF YOURS TO SIT ON YOUR FACE AND SHIT IN YOUR MOUTH!

--YOU GODDAM ASSHOLES!!! YOU DON'T HAVE THE COURAGE TO SHOW YOURSELVES, OR I'D KILL ALL OF YOU!!!

CLARENCE CHANGED TO AN UNLISTED NUMBER, BUT IT DIDN'T DO HIM ANY GOOD.

TONY? THIS IS YOUR COUSIN ANGIE DOWN AT THE PHONE COMPANY... YEAH, I GOT THAT NUMBER YOU WANTED.

AND SOON...

CLARENCE'S NEW #  
1-623-1182  
OPEN 24 HOURS

THIS WENT ON UNTIL CLARENCE DIED. I HEARD HE HAD A STROKE WHILE TALKING ON THE PHONE.

TELL YOUR WHORE OF A WIFE TO SUCK THE DOG'S DICK, CLARENCE! HAHAHA!!

--URK!

--YOU DIRTY COCKSUCKERS!

TONY MADE A NAME FOR HIMSELF AS A SNITCH IN THE MID-60'S. HE SET UP A FEW OF HIS POT-SMOKING FRIENDS FOR BOISE'S FIRST DRUG BUST.

...HOW COULD HE HAVE KNOWN??

GOOD JOB, LAD!

HE WENT ON TO BECOME A BOISE COP.

FRANCO WENT TO LAW SCHOOL AND BECAME A PROSECUTING ATTORNEY.

THROW THE BOOK AT HIM, YOUR HONOR!

HE WAS KNOWN AS A RELENTLESS FOE.

IT WAS JUST... THEIR THING!!!

HEY, CLARENCE MESSED WITH THE WRONG PEOPLE!

YEAH--HE GOT HIS...

FINI.

# THE BIG RIP-OFF

by Dennis P. Eichhorn  
Art by Jeffrey Dickinson

CON MEN ARE BORN, NOT MADE.  
TAKE JUDD, FOR INSTANCE...

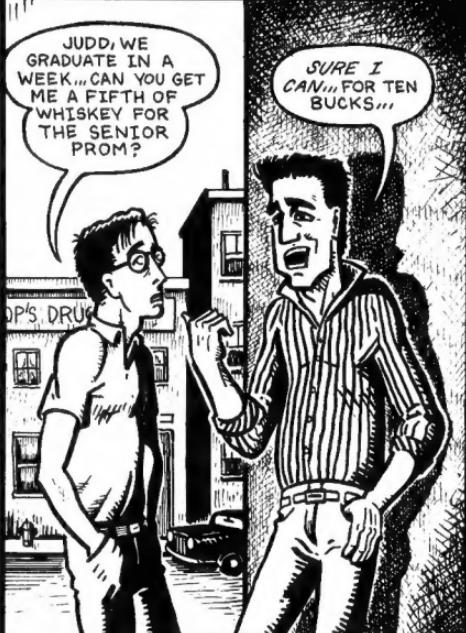


JUDD WAS THE SORT OF GUY WHO TRIED TO CASH IN ON EVERY SITUATION.

OK, LET'S MAKE A BEER RUN... EVERYBODY CHIP IN FOR BEER AND GAS AND I'LL HANDLE EVERYTHING...  
I'VE GOT FAKE I.D.!



BUT WHEN JUDD WAS A SENIOR IN HIGH SCHOOL, HE SENSED OPPORTUNITY.



... AND FOR ANOTHER TEN BUCKS, YOU CAN COME TO THE BIG SENIOR ALL-NIGHT PARTY! ALL THE BEER YOU CAN DRINK AND ALL THE CHICKEN YOU CAN EAT!



GREAT! JUST MEET UP  
WITH EVERYBODY IN IDAHO  
CITY NEXT SATURDAY AT  
ONE IN THE AFTERNOON!

...THAT SOUNDS  
LIKE FUN! I'LL  
TAKE TWO  
TICKETS!

FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS,  
JUDD WAS A BUSY BOY.

GOOD... GOOD...  
TAMMY JOHNSON...  
RICK STEARNS...

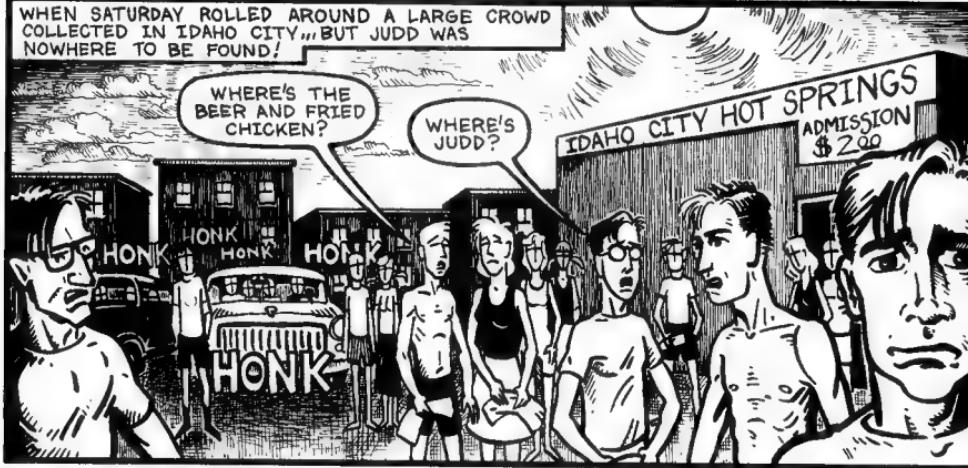


WHEN SATURDAY ROLLED AROUND A LARGE CROWD  
COLLECTED IN IDAHO CITY... BUT JUDD WAS  
NOWHERE TO BE FOUND!

WHERE'S THE  
BEER AND FRIED  
CHICKEN?

WHERE'S  
JUDD?

IDAHO CITY HOT SPRINGS  
ADMISSION  
\$2.00



JUDD LAID LOW FOR AWHILE... HE HADN'T  
BURNED ANY OF THE TOUGH KIDS SO HE  
DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TO WORRY ABOUT.

DRINKS ARE ON ME!

WAY  
TO GO,  
JUDD!

BEER!



HE WAS BORN TO BE  
A CON MAN.

EASIEST \$1,800  
I EVER MADE!



END

# De Soto's Denise

STORY  
DENNIS EICHHORN

ART  
KENT MYERS  
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ONE NIGHT I STOLE MY PARENT'S CAR  
SO I COULD GO TO A RODEO IN NAMPA, IDAHO.



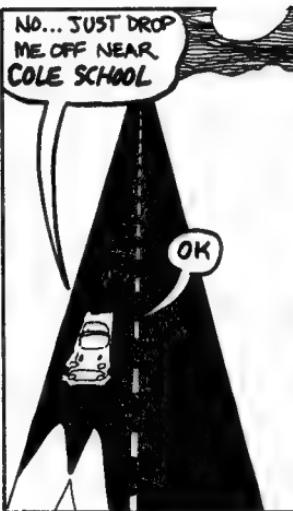
I GOT TOO DRUNK, AND CRASHED INTO A BRIDGE ON MY WAY HOME.



I LIVED .....

STAGGERING FROM THE WRECK, I THUMBED A RIDE.





I MADE IT HOME, BUT COLLAPSED ON THE SIDEWALK IN FRONT.



THAT'S WHERE OLD IKE FOUND ME A FEW HOURS LATER WHEN HE CAME OUTSIDE TO PICK UP THE MORNING PAPER!



HE GOT ME TO OUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN WHO KEPT THE COPS AT BAY... BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY.



THERE'S A MORAL HERE SOMEWHERE, BUT "DON'T DRINK AND DRIVE" DOESN'T QUITE COVER IT!



the end

DEATH IS FOREVER  
BUT, SOMETIMES, THE  
ENDLESS SLEEPERS  
GET RESTLESS. I  
FOUND THAT OUT THE  
NIGHT I CHECKED  
INTO A . . .

# HAUNTED MOTEL

BY DENNIS P. EICHHORN  
ARTWORK BY  
CURT A. SHOULTZ



WE WERE DRIVING SOUTH  
THROUGH OREGON ON 1-5  
WHEN WE DECIDED TO REST  
OUR WEARY BONES.



WE CRUISED AROUND UNTIL  
WE SPOTTED A LIKELY  
MOTEL. 





THEY THREW ME DOWN  
THE GLORYHOLE...



AND BURNED MY CABIN  
TO THE GROUND...



# THE GUY WHO WANTED TO BE FRIENDS

by Dennis P. Eichhorn  
drawn by Ed Brubaker

Hippy Denny

Good Friend Karl

FOR A FEW YEARS, MY FRIENDS  
AND I DABBLED IN CONCERT  
PRODUCTION...

LOOKS LIKE  
WE TOOK  
ANOTHER  
BATH ON  
THIS ONE...

I MOVED BACK TO MOSCOW AND  
ENROLLED IN GRADUATE SCHOOL  
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF  
IDAHO.

THEY HAVE  
THE WORST  
ENTERTAINMENT  
ANYWHERE  
ON THIS  
CAMPUS!

MASSIE WE SHOULD  
TRY WORKING WITH  
THE STUDENT GOVERN-  
MENT... I'LL LOOK  
INTO IT NEXT  
WEEK...



GREAT...BUT I'VE GOT A MEETING TO ATTEND. GIVE ME YOUR NUMBER AND I'LL CALL YOU LATER...

OH, OKAY... HERE'S MY CARD.



LATER THAT EVENING...

DENNY? THIS IS KARL KOCH. LISTEN CAN YOU MEET ME DOWNTOWN AT THE SPRUCE TAVERN FOR A BEER?

YEAH, I GUESS SO... I'LL BE THERE IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES...

I WENT DOWNTOWN AND MET KARL. HE DID ALL THE BUYING.

I'LL GET THIS ROUND! DENNY, MEET BETH AND VALERIE... THEY'RE BOTH PI PHIS!

HELLO



YEAH... BUT KARL WANTED TO MEET YOU...

COME ON... LET'S GET STONED!

OH, GROOVY!

AFTER THAT, KARL WAS A DAILY VISITOR.

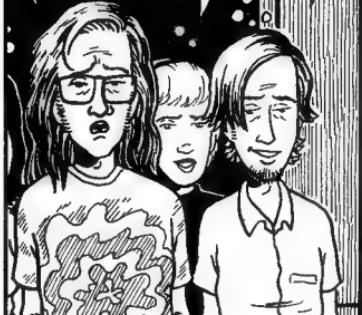
KARL! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

JUST THOUGHT I'D STOP BY... I'VE GOT A SIX-PACK AND SOME GREAT THAI WEED!

HE EVEN INVITED HIMSELF ALONG WITH US ON A TRIP TO SPOKANE!

HOW 'BOUT A LIFT? I'VE GOT SOME SHOPPING TO DO!

OH, OKAY... HOP IN.



IT GOT TO BE A JOKE WITH US...

WELL, IT'S TEN P.M.  
...KARL OUGHT TO BE DROPPING BY ANY TIME.  
I KIND OF FEEL SORRY FOR THE GUY... DOESN'T HE HAVE ANYTHING ELSE TO DO?

YOU JUST LIKE THE FREE BOOZE AND DOPE.

WE NEVER DID GET AROUND TO PRODUCING ANY CONCERTS.

EVENTUALLY, KARL INTRODUCED ME TO HIS "COUSIN."

DENNY, THIS IS BIG BEN... HE'S JUST UP FROM BERKELEY.

HERE MAN, TRY SOME OF THIS OUTRAGEOUS SMOKE.

THIS GUY LOOKS REALLY STRUNG OUT!

SURE, THANKS...

LISTEN, DENNY, BEN DOESN'T KNOW ANYBODY AROUND HERE BUT US, AND HE WANTS TO SCORE SOME WEED AND ACID. WHAT DO YOU SAY?

WELL, I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF LIDS AND A FEW MICRO-DOTS...

HERE YOU GO, BEN... GIVE ME FIFTY BUCKS AND WE'LL CALL IT EVEN.



A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER...

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST EICHORN... GET IN THE CAR!

MAYBE I'M DREAMING?

THIS WAS ALMOST TOO EASY!

EASIEST OVERTIME I EVER MADE!

NOPE... THIS IS REALITY.



I WAS THROWN IN JAIL AND ARRAIGNED. IT TURNED OUT THAT BOTH KARL AND HIS "COUSIN" WERE UNDERCOVER NARCOTICS AGENTS, WORKING WITH A SPECIAL TASK FORCE FROM THE STATE ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE.

THESE AFFIDAVITS HAVE BEEN  
DULY ATTESTED TO BY AGENT  
KARL KOCH AND OFFICER J.C.  
PRUITT... BAIL IS SET AT  
FIFTY THOUSAND  
DOLLARS!



MY WIFE DIDN'T GET BUSTED, BUT SEVERAL  
OF THE FRIENDS I'D INTRODUCED TO KARL  
DID.

IF YOU PLEAD  
GUILTY, THEY'LL  
DROP THE  
CHARGES AGAINST  
EVERYONE  
ELSE.



SO I WENT OFF TO PRISON FOR A FEW MONTHS AND LIFE WENT ON. J.C. PRUITT CONTINUED HIS UNDERCOVER ACTIVITIES IN OTHER LOCALES...

MEET MY  
COUSIN FROM  
BERKELEY  
EVERYBODY.

JUST CALL  
ME BIG BEN.



... AND KARL KOCH LEFT MOSCOW  
ABRUPTLY AND MOVED TO KETCHUM,  
IDAHO.



I HEARD THAT HE ACQUIRED  
A PET RACCOON THAT HE TOOK  
WITH HIM EVERYWHERE...



IT WAS PROBABLY A GOOD  
WAY TO MEET PEOPLE.

0000, IT'S  
SO CUTE!

HIS  
NAME'S  
ROCKY...



SAY...  
WANNA GET  
STONED?



# Riker Time

the <sup>5</sup>  
WELCOME TO THE  
HOTEL  
CALIFORNIA

Capitol  
Joe's

IT WAS MY FIRST DAY  
ON THE JOB, AND I HAD  
NO SOONER OPENED THE  
DOORS TO CAPITOLA  
JOE'S WHEN...

...BIKERS!

BY DENNIS  
EICHHORN

ART BY R.C.  
CRABB

HERE THEY  
COME...

I KNOW

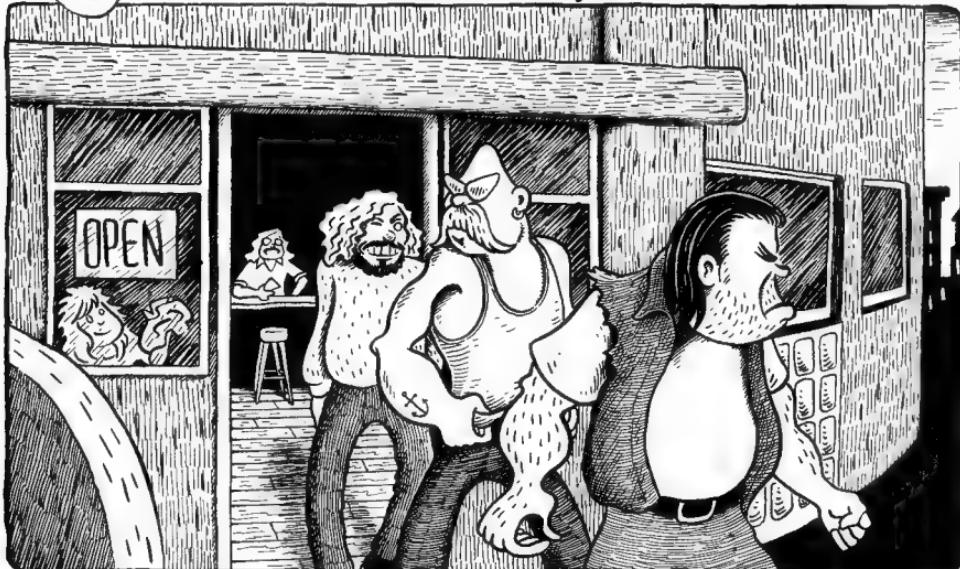


**MEN**

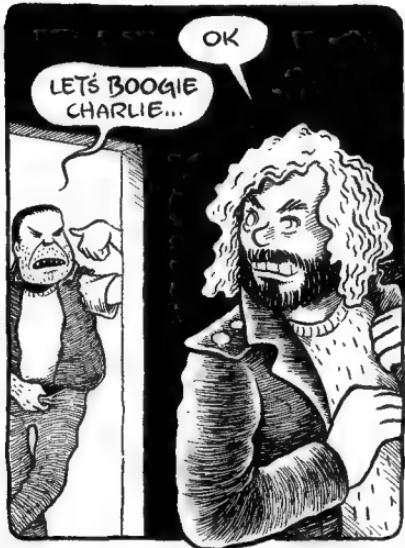
MORNIN' BARTENDER,  
WE'LL HAVE THREE  
GLASSES OF BURGUNDY  
WINE...

FILL IT ALL THE WAY TO THE TOP!

WILL  
DO







# HANDS OFF

by Dennis P. Eichhorn  
Artwork by Jeff Johnson

IN NORTH SEATTLE, THERE USED TO BE A TAVERN ON 85TH THAT HAD ALL KINDS OF MUSIC... FROM CLOG-DANCING ON WEDNESDAYS...



...TO ROCK'N'ROLL ON FRIDAYS AND SATURDAYS.



MICHAEL, THE OWNER, FELL IN LOVE WITH A BARTENDER NAMED RAY.



BUT RAY PROVED FICKLE.



MICHAEL LOST HIS COOL...





RAY WAS RUSHED TO A HOSPITAL, AND SURVIVED...



FUNNY THING, BUT RAY KEPT WORKING FOR MICHAEL.



IT GAVE THE PHRASE "HANDS OFF THE HELP!" NEW MEANING.



A Pyramid Scan



CAC • Quality • CBZ